The Wounded Lover's Lamentation

TO

SILVIA.

To an Excellent New Tune, Sung at Court. This may be Printed, R. P.

YOU I love, (by Jove) I do,
More than all things here below;
With a passion full as great,
As e'er Creature fancied yet:
Silvia, since my Heaven thou art,
Ease and Cure my wounded heart.

Bid the Miser leave his Ore,
Bid the wretched sigh no more;
Bid the Old be young again;
Bid the Maids ne'er think of Men:
Silvia, this when you can do,
Bid me then not think of you.

Love's not a thing of Chance, but Fate,
That makes me love, that makes you hate;
Silvia then do what you will,
Ease or Cure, torment or kill:
Be kind or Cruel, false or true,
Love I must, and none but you.

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Had I lov'd as others do,
Only for an hour or two,
Then there had a Reason bin,
I should sucker for my sin,
But fair Silvia let me find
My dear Mistress always kind.

Love thou know'st with what a flame,
I adore young Silvia's name;
Let me then some pity find,
Shoot a Dart and change her mind:
Change her till she pity me,
And thy Votary I'll be.

On her gentle downy Breast,
Let a sighing Lover rest,
Twin'd within those tender Arms,
Fetter'd by those pleasing Charms;
Then I will hereafter rest
On the Pillows of her Breast.

Thus you'll show your power and skill,
Able both to save and kill;
But to kill has always bin
Held a most notorious Sin;
For young Beauties which we love,
Should be tender as the Dove.

In sweet Ejobes we'll always dwell,
With more Joys than tongue can tell;
There the wanton then we'll play,
Steal each others hearts away,
Thus we will our Joys renew,
And be constant and be true.

Every Maiden which is fair,
Should be gentle as the Air,
When we to the power submit,
To their Beauty and their Wit,
Then their Charms will all men move,
And will make them ever Love.

Printed for P. Brooksby, J. Deacon, J. Blake, J. Back.